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NO. 1.

The Man of Action.

Humanity possesses immense capabilities. The capabilities of genius go far beyond even the dreams of ordinary humanity. The capabilities of the average plodder goes so far beyond what is commonly supposed as to surprise us when realized. The reward of labor is always rich. It's smiling promise ever inspires hope.

Greatest thing that we can revel in is that we can accomplish something. Our greatest heritage is power. The only thing that makes life worth living is the enjoyment of the faculties of life. The most thrilling thing we can be conscious of, is that we are possessed of the power of mankind. The man who can best appreciate his own being is the one who can do the most. Day dreams of things that might be done are ideal. They always picture action. The anticipation of life and its conquests is the most exhilarating thing of all to young people. The recollections of life constitute the crown of glory worn by the veteran of a thousand struggles and a myriad exploits. His pride delights in what he has done. He has enjoyed the fullness of life. Who other than a man of deeds and untiring energy can enjoy the fullness of life?

What do I mean by the fullness of life? Learn what it is from men and women you know. You have all been in the presence of men whose minds seemed sources from which issued volumes of beautiful, strange and noble thoughts. Many a man is rich, simply by virtue of the many splendid thoughts which he possesses. They are

worth something. The acquisition of them is a fortune. The labor itself spent in gaining them is a blessing.

You have all met people who out of work hours are not idle. Life to them is not ease, but enjoyment. I know a man who works hard but when he lays down his work for a rest, he immediately commences having furious fun. He is full of talk, and can talk on any subject. Before he is near done talking he picks up a musical instrument and delights himself with music. He is not much of a musician but he can whang away and become completely absorbed with it. He lays down his musical instrument before he is surfeited with it and out he goes to play tennis or take a walk, and sings as he goes. When the time for work comes again, he takes up his work as promptly as he took up his play.

You know business men who delight themselves in their work. They work hard and are always at it. The thing that leads them on most of all is the pleasure that comes from wielding power and getting things done. To plan and to manage concerns requires a skill that is fascinating to exercise.

Such men are found only at the top. There is where they belong. Such men enjoy the fullness of life, and it all came from their exercising their faculties that go to make up life.

Oh, to be something! To do something! To be something ought to be the inspiration of every man and woman who think they are noble enough to adorn humanity. It is the only way to greatness, for greatness is being and doing something.

The exercise of skill is sweet. The reward of toil is the blessedness of rest. Experience is what makes a man. Every phase of life brings experience—toil, rest, travel, thought, these school a man. They lift him up. They make a man of him, and what is greater than the noblest of manhood?

When a man like Rev. Lathrop comes in our midst, we admire him, we hang on his words, we look at him and look, and look, for grandeur is beautiful to behold. We appear in his presence with the greatest respect. We put on our best face and manners, for nothing is more inspiring than to be in the presence of a great man, a man made great by his untiring thought and toil.

With all these capabilities ours, how is life to be spent? What can be gotten out of life? Is it worth while to work and study and never cease from doing something as long as we live? Might just as well ask, is it worth while to live at all? Persons who fail to exercise the faculties fail to live. They exist but they don't live. Life is more than simply being. What is it? It is to do and dare. It is to work and achieve. Miserable indeed is he who denies himself the pleasure of viewing the landscape because it makes him tired to climb to the top of the tower or mountain. The spirit that grows and expands is that which leads people to climb the pinnacle for the sake of the view and the exhilaration of it. The man to whom we look expecting something great, is the man who is always doing something. Such a man has a breadth of mind, largeness of soul and greatness of spirit. He rises above the puny things that hold narrow men down.

No man living but what longs to possess great things, but many a man is overwhelmed by the effort required. The goal is only reached by those who labor on, by those who make a plaything of labor. How we all admire a man who pushes ahead, never once frustrated by hard knocks. We admire him because he does what we all think we would like to do. He possesses force and untiring energy. Man loves power. Man is powerful if he would be. It is the exercise of power that gives zest to life. It is the ability to do and accomplish that pleases man. Happy is he, who

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can do much. Happy is he who is not restricted by an acquired helplessness and an indisposition to exert himself, but who is energy personified, admired because of his force, enjoying life because of his activity. Such a man is a natural man. There is no trace of retrogression in him. No, he is the culmination of humanity, rightfully bearing the name of man.

If we are to grace humanity by making a creditable addition to it, if we are going to delight ourselves with the fact that we are alive, it behooves us to be energetic in those things that pertain to life. We have a year's school work before us. We can get through with doing little, if we choose. We can enjoy a great deal, if we will.

 Summer Reminiscence.

He is wise who lays up treasures, cherishes the memory of happy hours, and fills his mind, as it were a gallery, with fine pictures. Pictures which can be brought out in clear and beautiful colors, when the long rainy days of life have come and he sits idly by the fireside and sees again a summer at Newport. There he comes close to nature, feels her heart beat in the throbs of the waves, sees her going to and fro, and views her in her sad and joyous moments.

Newport, a typical seacoast village with its fishy odors, is located in South-western Oregon on Yaquina Bay. Landward the hills rise in every direction and are dotted here and there with Oregon's famous fir and pine trees. Scarcely a mile from the city is a magnificent bathing beach where youth and old age go forth to sport amid the salty embrace of old Neptune.

As a sight-seeing trip alone, the journey to Newport is

one well worth the time, trouble and expense it takes, to say nothing of the royal sport afforded by visiting the many places of interest that are found in this vicinity. In going from Portland to Newport you pass through the beautiful Willamette Valley and over the Coast Range mountains which present much wild and beautiful scenery. In one place the railroad makes almost a loop around the head of a very deep canyon. The coloring on the mountain sides adds beauty to the scene and here and there among the mountains is seen a settler's little cabin.

Reaching Yaquina, a boat is taken and the trip across the bay is the first introduction that the traveler receives to the ocean. Nye Creek, where most of the campers are found, is a very attractive place. Here the beach is easily reached and is one of great interest to him who cares to study its geological formation. In many places the rocks plainly show that at some earlier period there has been a terrible upheaval and the rock is at an angle of about 45 degrees. In many of these rocks are found fossil shells of the different ages. At another point in the bluff which comes down to the beach may be seen deeply imbedded in the sand and clay, big trees which are now covered by over fifty feet of soil. These trees show very distinctly and much of them is in quite a good state of preservation. They are always found laying down showing they have been carried there.

Another point of interest is the old Nye Creek bed which is found about thirty feet above the present beach. This old creek bed may be traced for twelve miles or more along the beach. This creek bed is where the beautiful water and moss agates are found closely packed together with clay, sand and traces of an iron deposit. From time to time parts of this vast bed which is often five or six feet deep are broken off from the bluff and carried into the water where the stones are washed and polished by the waves and

sand.

These agate beds are a source of interest to those who enjoy searching for them, and many people spend hours and hours in their quest for these agates.

Among the places to be visited may be mentioned the light house, Otter Rock, The Devil's Punch Bowl, Seal Rock, the Spouting Horn and Life Saving Station. Newport also boasts of a "Bleak House" and a "Lover's Lane."

We would not forget "Jump off Joe," a large rock which has been detached from the main land by Father Time. This rock is a fine point from which you may watch the tide come in and go out and see and feel the wonderful force of the water. The Indian legend of its name is interesting. The old Indians claim that at one time there was an old Siletz Indian chief who had a very beautiful daughter who was won by an Indian brave by the name of Joe, but the father opposed the union and thought to get rid of the objectionable brave by imposing an impossibility upon him. He told Joe that he would give him his daughter if he would jump from this rock into theseething waves below; and as the story goes the Indians were summoned to see this wonderful feat performed. Among them was the maiden. At last all was ready and Joe was to run and jump. He hesitated but the maiden cried out "jump off, Joe; you can do it, I know you are a good swimmer." The feat was performed, the maiden won and "Jump off, Joe" was named.

Something Doing Over at the College.

When the bell rang for chapel the first morning of the school year, the students, what of them had arrived, found their seats in the chapel. Over there was a group of

Seniors. Yonder was one Junior. Down in front were a lot of empty seats. Away across the room yonder were a few Preps. A few strangers had come in to start to school. They looked lonely in the large room, with so few people in it. Some of the old-timers looked with dismay at the empty seats and wondered if they ever would fill up.

The faculty were all smiles, and cheer and hope. They had seen the like before. While some of the less indefatigable ones present were looking blue and wearing long faces of apprehension, they considered it a good showing for the first day. They and visitors who had come in managed to keep up cheer. Professors Jones and Douglas looked much wiser for having attended the summer school at Berkeley this summer. Professor R. W. Jones looked as natural as an old shoe. Professor Albertson was there, and you can count on that. Miss Macy occupied a conspicuous place on the platform. Professor Lewis held the reins, and hadn't forgotten how. Some of the alumni and kind friends of the institution were also present, and were much in evidence.

The few students who were fortunate enough to start the first day felt somewhat cheered, and after chapel gathered in groups, greeting acquaintances and friends of the previous year and getting acquainted with the strangers.

The next day things looked more hopeful. A few more students came in, and every one had heard of others who would be in soon. Everybody began to get livened up. The first of the next week showed a substantial addition. But many familiar faces had not yet appeared. There was an aching void experienced by all, due to the absence of a good many who were belated in getting started.

By Wednesday enough were in to justify a formal opening of the school year. Rev. Lathrop of Portland delivered an address that was so thoughtful and student-like that every one immediately felt himself plunged into student

work.

The next week showed a big addition. The chapel is nearly full. Everybody is acquainted. The chapel singing sounds like it used to. At noons the halls and walks are crowded with energetic people getting intensely interested in school affairs. Already the gridiron has witnessed the parade of football players. Athletics is all the talk. The gymnasium resounds with the thunder and tramp of indoor athletics. The literary society is booming. Already the challenge for debate has been flung into the teeth of daring opponents. The battle of contest is being wielded with bewildering fury. The boarding hall is alive with a jolly crowd of people, bent on having a big time. There was a big social at the college the other night, and everybody is having a good time. There is something doing over at the college.

The First Social Feature.

The annual reception given jointly by the Christian Associations of the college for the new students was held Friday evening, October 16, in the college building. Nearly all the students had come in by that time. The primary object of the social was to make it possible for all to get acquainted. To facilitate matters, every one was requested to label himself or herself with their name, so it could be plainly read. It proved to be a happy idea. Introductions in a formal way were dispensed with. The rooms were delightfully decorated with autumn livery. A tone of ease and pleasure permeated the whole affair. Suitable games were provided and enjoyed by all. Refreshments were served in a pleasing manner. Toward the close of the evening, Professor Lewis made a brief address on behalf of the Christian Associations. The evening passed in a very satisfactory manner, and indicated that P. C. has a student body that knows how to enjoy itself.

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CALVIN BLAIR, '04, Editor-in-chief.
LEWIS SAUNDERS, / Associate Editors.
CARL NELSON, /

NEWS EDITORS—
BERNICE WOODWARD, / Locals and Personals.
ORVILLE JOHNSON, /

MARVIN BLAIR, Exchange.
RAY PEMBERTON, '06, Business Manager.

WILFRED PEMBERTON, '06, Asst. Business Manager.

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Better force yourself through college than be pulled through.

The manner in which students spend their noon periods, speaks volumes.

Students who will read the exchanges will know more of what it means to be a student.

A change, something new, a diversity, comes only as an inspiration, created by prodigious activity in old things.

The student who is too busy to have time to fool away is busier than the ordinary student, and just about as busy as the ordinary business man.

Three or four original, well written, creditable articles each school year, aside from orations and other regularly required work, make a record to be aspired to.

James W. Riley wrote about the "sort of a feel in the air," that all experience about Christmas time, Thanksgiving time and such occasions. We all heartily respond to his odd expression. College students ought to also realize a

"sort of a feel in the air" about their college institution. There is something doing around a college. It is full of thinkers. Oceans of knowledge are within her walls. There, hidden things are revealed, different things are demonstrated. Who can enter such a place without it casting its spell over him?

The following bit of inconsistency was noticed in the P. U. Weekly Index for September 29. The closing sentence of the article entitled "Tackle Law" is "The moral is that football is a hard exercise, but with proper training, as given by a coach, absolutely all danger is eliminated." On the preceding page the first sentence of an article entitled "Accidents in the Field" is "Though it is yet early in the season the accidents have already begun." Notice that "the accidents" and "already." The best part of it all is, on the same page occurs the interesting news that "R. J. McFadden, who will coach P. U's. football squad this season arrived yesterday from Stanford. The new coach is one of the best tacklers Stanford ever had." The moral is, talk won't heal broken bones.

The mercenary element that is permeating college athletics is exciting comment from thoughtful persons. The proper place of athletics in the life of a college student is not hard to see, but college men seem prone to fail to look for it. Athletics are a recreation, an avocation, not a vocation. Athletics are performing their most important function, when they are engaged in by the student for the enjoyment of them. An example of the best kind of athletics for students is those two or three boys in school who are in the gym swinging on the rings or turning on the bar, every noon, whether there is anybody there watching them or not. They do it for the pure and simple reason that they like to. It is fun for them. A crowd of boys composed of fun loving boys will not be perplexed by questions of athletics. Such

a spirit in athletes is the essential and desirable one. Anything beyond that, just so far changes athletics from recreation to business. The spirit of professionalism, and the effort to win championships are proper as a matter of business, but they ought not to stand in the way of athletics for recreation's sake.

STUDENTS, REMEMBER!

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Our New Students.

It is presumed that everybody learned everybody else's name at the reception, but maybe you have forgotten some of them so a list of the names of all the students who were not in P. C. last year are given here: Lafayette—Minnie Blough, Mary O'Connor; Hot Lake—Ralph Maris, Paul Maris; The Dalles—Joseph Snipe, George Snipe, Harry Walther; Portland—Seldon Murray; Sherwood—Elizabeth Withycombe, Caroline Withycombe, Pearl Bailey, Leonard George; Alaska—Llyod Votaw; Dawson City, Alaska—Arthur Heacock, Leonard Heacock; Marion—Sarah Knight; Springbrook—Lena Hammer, Foster Mills, Perry Macy, Murray Hunt, Louis Mills, Mabel Rush, Alva R. Heater, Dennis Mills, Ray Mills; Newberg and Vicinity—

Anna Craven, Mabel Cooper, Blanch Cooper, Edna Forsyth, Maud Butler, Ora Buchanan, Ferris Strait, Anna Rogers, Grace Dudley, Mabel Paulsen, Donald Chase, Alice Hayes, Lester Moore, Tyra Hutchins, Grace Finley, Lesta Finley, Emma Lewis, Russel Lewis, Florence Wilson, Winnie Comer; Qillayute, Washington—Harry E. Maxfield, James B. Maxfield, Sadie Maxfield.

Local and Personal.

Football is all the talk—and it is mostly talk.

Omer Moore visited at school one day recently.

Rev. Armstrong is a frequent and welcome visitor in chapel.

The Junior and Senior classes are taking the scripture work together.

Prof. Kelsey has come in to visit with the students a number of times.

The Seniors are bewailing the loss of three members of their class of last year.

Carl Nelson managed the entire janitor work alone for the first two or three weeks.

Arthur Kirk, a former member 'of the class of '04, is very ill with hemorrhage of the lungs.

Springbrook has turned out well in furnishing students. Eleven came from that neighborhood.

Clem Niswonger was a sight to behold when he returned from his summer's work in the logging camp.

Florence Wilson, a former student of P. C., has taken up college work again. She is registered in the Junior class.

Shurl Pearson has been elected treasurer of the Y. M.

C. A. to take the place of Omer Moore who will not be in school this year.

Miss Britt gave a very interesting chapel talk on physical culture some mornings ago. She has organized classes that are taking daily drill.

Rev. Knight, the pastor of the Friends church at Marion, and who has just recently come from Nebraska, conducted the chapel exercises one morning. His daughter Miss Sarah Knight, has entered the Senior Academy Class.

The Crescent Literary Society has organized with favorable prospects. Orville Johnson and Calvin Blair started the ball rolling in the debating line by challenging any other two members of the society for a debate. The challenge was promptly accepted. Good music has been one of the features of the program thus far.

The fame of P. C. evidently has reached a long ways. Three boys have come all the way from the gold camps of Alaska to attend school here. They are Llyod Votaw, Arthur Heacock and Leonard Heacock. The home of the Heacock boys is in Dawson City. They came out over the railway route to Skagway. It almost gives one the gold fever to hear them tell about the mining in that far away country.

Chas. E. Clark, who last year was a member of the class of '04, has been compelled to drop out of school owing to an accident to his knee. The doctor thought he would not be able to walk for a year at least, so he went back to his home in Nebraska. We are glad to learn he has recovered already. He would have been in Pacific College this year had he not have gone back home. The class and the entire school are sorry to lose him.

The formal opening exercises of the school year were held on Wednesday evening, October 7. It was a very in-

spiring occasion. A letter of greeting was read from Pres. McGrew. The music consisted of a vocal solo by Lucy Gause and an instrumental duet by Mrs. Albertson and Miss Britt. A very thoughtful address was delivered by Rev. Lathrop, the pastor of Grace M. E. Church of Portland. His theme was "Moral Vigor." He delivered his address directly to students from the student's standpoint. He applied the question, "Is it right?" to a lot of top impulses in human nature, and left it very indelibly impressed on his hearers.



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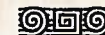
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